

Let's combine Secretary Ickes' latest statement with the most recent political development in New Yqrk. The Secretary of the Interior has issued a hot denial to the widespread charges that the Federal Relief money had been used for political purposes before the election, the government recovery billions poured out in ~~strategic~~ ~~strategic~~ strategic streams to hit where they would do ^{the} most good in terms of ^{votes.} ~~sums~~ "I personally saw to it," he declares, "that no public works project was approved after October seventeenth, three weeks before election." And he adds that most of the three billion dollars in relief funds was allocated as far back as last January, ten months ago.

~~Going beyond a mere negative of denial, Secretary Ickes claims that he took positive action against the political use of relief money. "I did it because I didn't want recovery to be dragged into the campaign", he insists.~~

Now, ~~combined~~ combine that with the event in New York City. ~~They are charged with def~~ The LaGuardia Administration today began a prosecution of three city employees. They are charged with defrauding the City of sixty-three thousand dollars. The striking

thing is the time element - the fact that the accusation was made public ^{only} today. It could have been blasted before the election, when it undoubtedly would have had a large effect upon the voting, ~~a vital effect for the City Administration.~~

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The critical ^{New York} election day battle ~~for the city~~ was for the office of Comptroller, who has an exceedingly large say in municipal finances. The LaGuardia Administration was desperately eager to hold the Comptrollership and made a desperate fight for Candidate McGoldrick, and Tammany was equally eager to have its man in the job. In a close count, McGoldrick was beaten and Tammany Candidate Taylor elected. That was a heavy blow for LaGuardia.

Yet those prosecutions were not begun before election, but only today. And one of the officials accused of defrauding the City was the Campaign Manager for the successful Tammany Candidate, now the Comptroller of the City.

What's the explanation? Mayor LaGuardia declares that he deliberately refrained from starting the prosecutions before ~~the~~ election, because he didn't want it to seem as if he were bringing the charges to influence the campaign. It certainly

would have looked as if the prosecution of the opposing campaign manager were a political move.

A melancholy post-election story comes from Flushing, Ohio, where it turns out that the dry advocates of prohibition voted for strong beer. It was all a sad mistake. On the ballot was a city ordinance prohibiting the sale of three point two beer, and the drys joyfully marked it "Yes". Now they've found out , to their chagrin, that the ordinance really prohibits anything as weak as three point two. And it's their own fault. A zealous dry wrote the terms forbidding the mild beverage and forgot to prohibit beer that's really strong.

ELECTION

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It is rather amusing to hear Republican leaders rush forward to protest that the Republican party is not through. The G.O.P. will live on, and the elephant will still wave its trunk. It is almost as funny as some people saying that the Republican party is finished. They were saying that same thing about the Democratic party a very few years ago, in the days of the Coolidge and Hoover landslide.^s We heard it conclusively proved that the Democratic party was an anomaly, a paradox, representing two ~~an~~ antagonistic elements, the Southern farmer and the Northern city workman, ^{And} therefore ^{it} would have to ~~burst~~ ^{bust} up and split apart. Now they are singing the same kind of Swan song over the Republican party. All you have to do is take a few bumps and the boys are ready to count you out. Just the same the G.O.P. is in for some radical reformation. Everybody admits that, especially the old line Republican leaders. Fingers pointing to a new party chief are beckoning in the direction of Senator Vandenburg of Michigan. Several other Republicans managed to capture big jobs in the

MOUNTED POLICE

Here's a bit of news of interest to New York and Canada - to New York because a scarlet coated detachment of the Canadian Royal Mounted Police has been stealing the applause every night at the aristocratic Horse Show, and to Canada because the Mounties up there are not only glamorous, adventurous figures, but also the prime representatives of law and order. The Montreal Board of Trade has come out in favor of abolishing the provincial police force in the Province of Quebec and of handing over the police duties to the Mounties.

An official of the Canadian National Railroad reminds me that the Mounties started out as law enforcers in the northwest province of Canada, in the days when that immense country was the Canadian wild and wooly west. Since then the Mounties, having begun as a frontier patrol, have spread all over the settled and stable parts of Canada, have replaced the provincial police forces in six of Canada's nine provinces. Quebec will be the seventh if the Montreal recommendation is adopted.

And that's interesting not only to New York and Canada, but also to a smartly uniformed soldierly figure here in the studio. He is the Commander of that detachment of Royal

Tuppen

Nov. 9, 1934.

MOUNTED POLICE - 2

Canadian Mounted Police at the Horse Show -- Major James M. Tupper. The Major and his troop have been displaying some dazzling horsemanship before New York's smart set at the Horse Show, and also at social headquarters at the Waldorf, all in most striking contrast to the bleak tundras of the Antarctic, where the Mounties have their most legended adventures. Tell us, Major, what is the wildest and the hardest experience for the Mounties in the northland?

MAJOR TUPPER: The Dawson patrol, I'd say. At least, it used to be. The aeroplanes now fly it in a day, but a few years ago we had to make the Dawson patrol by dog sled in the depth of winter - four hundred and fifty miles from Fort McPherson to Dawson City in the Yukon, near the border of Alaska, across the barren lands and over the Caribou Born Mountains. I did it in Nineteen seventeen in seventeen and a half days, and that was a fast trip. It was fifty-two below zero when our party started north.

L.T.: And trouble along the Dawson patrol?

MAJOR TUPPER: Yes, there was one major disaster, when Fitzgerald's troop was lost. They had passed the Caribou Born

Mountains when they missed their way. They tried to get back to Dawson, but they were all frozen. One man got as far back as twenty-six miles from Dawson, but couldn't make it. Not a man returned alive.

L.T.: Now, about the way the Mounties always get their man. Can you give me a dramatic illustration of that, Major Tupper?

MAJOR TUPPER: I can indeed. Sergeant Parker, who can tell quite a story, relates how he was bringing an Indian prisoner out of the Arctic. He had traveled for three days and three nights without a wink of sleep. You know, it is against the regulations for a Mounty to sleep at all while he is on the trail with a prisoner. Parker says he couldn't stand it any longer. He had to get some sleep. So to keep his prisoner safe he put up some snow and ice around the Indian, making a kind of frosty jail cell. Then Parker went to sleep.

L.T.: And was the Indian still there when he woke up?

MAJOR TUPPER: He was indeed - but frozen. Parker found his prisoner had frozen during the night.

L.T.: That was awkward. What did he do about it?

MAJOR TUPPER: Why Parker says he had to return north and get another Indian to take back to be the defendant in that trial.

L.T.: Oh, I see. That Mouny not only got his man, but he also got another man in addition, which certainly makes him a member of the Tall Story Club, and you too, Major.

IVY LEE

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The world's most famous press agent is dead, Ivy Lee. ~~He died today.~~ He's the man who transformed the old-time press agent into an imposing man of affairs -- the Public Relations Counsel.

He was the son of a Georgia preacher, ~~who~~^{and} was forced to leave college for lack of money. He became a newspaper man and then publicity director for the Pennsylvania Railroad, where he established a new policy of actually telling the reporters something. But in later years, when he became the highest-priced man in the publicity field, he reversed the procedure -- at least so the reporters say -- ^{they} declaring that his great art was not to give out stories but to suppress them.

It was the queen's residence, Osborne House, on the Isle of Wight, where the young little Wilhelm was full of...
...and...
...the royal...
...to Uncle Edward, th...

KAISER

Here's a story for Armistice Day. One of the great causes of the World War was the drawing apart of England and Germany, and this was partly because of the personal hostility between the Kaiser and his Uncle, Edward the Seventh. There are many reasons why the two royal kinsmen disliked each other, and here's a curious story to illustrate.

Queen Victoria's chief steward was one George C. Sanderson, who was intimately acquainted with the private life of royalty at the Queen's court. He has just died, and the story which he had never allowed to be made public, has now been printed. It tells of a cockey little boy who went to visit his grandmother. The cockey little boy was later Kaiser Wilhelm, the Second, of Germany. Queen Victoria was his grandmother, and he was her pet. She thought more of him than of her own son, the Prince of Wales, later Edward the Seventh.

It was ^{at} the Queen's residence, ~~the~~ Osborne House, on the Isle of ~~Wight~~ Wight, where the cockey little Wilhelm was full of loud bragging and boisterous mischief, which seemed just too cute to the royal grandmother. But it wasn't so cute to Uncle Edward, the

Prince of Wales. That young man was annoyed by the way his mother pampered Wilhelm.

So one day, behind some shrubbery, the future King of England took the future Kaiser of the German Empire across his knee and gave him a good spanking. They say the Kaiser never forgot the indignity when the future king's hand ~~vigorously~~^{was} applied vigorously to the seat of the future Emperor's pants.

And that royal spanking was just one of the many instances that went to build up the hostility that provoked the World War.

NAVY

The picture of the United States and Japan opposing each other at the London Naval Conference, with Great Britain standing in the middle, is clarified now with the report of what the British are really willing to do. Japan wants naval equality. The United States wants the present Treaty to stand, with its five, five, three ratio. Britain is reported to be willing to split the difference, and make it a five, five, four affair - warships to the extent of five tons each for Britain and the United States and four tons for Japan.

Japan has refused this suggestion, still demanding equality. But the real dope seems to be that this is merely a temporary refusal and that if the United States will agree to it, Japan will accept.

Admiral Yamamoto, the Japanese delegate to the Conference, is keeping ^{up} his stony opposition to the American demand that the ~~Naval Treaty~~ Naval Treaty should stand as it is, and it is most unlikely that he will change his mind. In fact, he is maintaining a personal discipline to keep his mind from being changed. He hasn't talked to an outsider since he left Japan or read a newspaper. He is keeping ~~himself~~ out of the way of such outside influences, so that he won't be swayed.

FRANCE

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France has cooled off a bit today, ^{with} ~~where~~ her new Cabinet ~~is~~ getting under way - guided by the youngest and the tallest Premier France has ever had. ^{- Etienne} Pierre [^]Flandin is only forty-five, and he stands six foot six.

The Flandin government is acceptable to both the moderate followers of Premier Doumergue and the radical Socialists led by Herriot. And they are calling it the second salvation Cabinet. The salvation is needed, because the French crisis, while not boiling today, may be described as ⁱⁿ a condition of ^{cold} ~~great~~ menace. For the people are bitterly hostile to the ^h machinations and cut-throat ways of partisan factions, government by political vendetta. They want harmony and they are willing to turn out for street rioting to get it.

ART

Venus, the God of Love, is on display in New York, only you might not recognize her. She is on exhibition at the First Annual Fine Arts Exposition in the Forum Galleries, ~~R.O.A. Building~~ Rockefeller Center, where fifty million dollars ^{worth} of art treasures are on display. She is the Epstein Venus, and Epstein is the most modernistic of sculptors. The adepts of esoteric art declare the Epstein Venus to be an abstract revelation of metaphysical beauty. Carl Freund, artistic expert at the Exposition, tells me that it is all symbolism, a symbolical face, symbolical arms, a symbolical big toe, a symbolical Goddess of Symbolical Love.

Some people, not quite so esoteric, growl that the modernistic Goddess of Love looks like a ^{post} ~~beam~~, sawed all out of shape when the carpenter went crazy. But it is not mere words ^{I have to relate -} - it is action, dramatic action, on the part of a clique of artists' models.

These young ladies, who pose in the studios of painters and sculptors, declare that the modernistic Venus is a libel on the form divine. It is not Venus, it is a scarecrow, they protest indignantly. And they are going to stage a demonstration. A posse of models, I mean a bevy of models, plan to appear at

ART - 2

that Rockefeller Center Art Exhibition tomorrow afternoon, to show the art loving public the feminine form as it should be. One of their number, whose configurations are said to be perfection, will pose in a bathing suit right beside the modernistic Venus, to show the world that the Goddess of Love was really like.

I hardly know how to comment on this lofty subject of abstruce esthetics. I suppose the Epstein Venus has all those symbolical beauties, as Carl Freund says, if you could only figure them out, while all you have to figure out with the living Venus is how to make a date.

I tried that once, and she said so long -- SOLONG UNTIL MONDAY.